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Time Card

Effective Friday, Apr. 2, 1915.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:29 p. m.
No. 95—St. L. Flyer 9:35 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ar. 7:00 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:36 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 42—C. & St. L. Lim. 5:29 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:55 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 7:08 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ar. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:16 p. m.

No. 21 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and
as far south as Erin and for Louisville
and Louisville.

No. 19 and 25 make direct connections at
Guthrie for Louisville and all points west
and east thereof.

No. 21 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Mo.
and Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla.
Also Pullman service to New Orleans. Connects
at Guthrie for points Eastward West. No. 20
and 22 carry local passengers for points North
Hopkinsville, Tenn.

J. C. HOGE, Agt.

HIS OTHER SISTER

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jack Fenby came into the dining room waving a telegram at his assembled family. "Guess who is coming tonight," he challenged.

"Isabella Drew," hazarded Betty, with sisterly devotion.

"Oh, pshaw!" blushed Jack. "I didn't mean Isabella."

"Well, she is coming," went on Betty, smoothly. "Father and mother are going to town on the 8:42 to stay over night and I've telephoned Isabella to spend the night with me—there. I'm such a dear, you ought to tell me about your message, Jack!"

"It's from Lance Freeman," he replied.

"Lance Freeman from Panama?"

"Yes. He's up here on business. He has promised to stay with me," he added proudly. "I tell you, folks, Lance is a pretty big gun down there on the isthmus, and Betty"—addressing his sister in an offensively patronizing tone—"it's a good thing you're not the paint-and-powder sort of girl—Lance detests the whole tribe."

"In—d-e-d!" drawled Betty, over her toast and tea.

"Yes, indeed! He's terribly fussy about women, you know."

"He must be a detestable paragon himself," murmured Betty.

"Don't quarrel, children," chided Mrs. Fenby. "You must do the honors Betty, and, Jack, try to persuade Lance to make our home his headquarters while he is North. I was very fond of his mother."

Mr. Fenby and his wife departed for their train and Jack accompanied them, to spend the day at his office in town.

Left to herself, Betty held conference with the cook and then went up to her own room, where she sat down before her dressing table and stared thoughtfully at her charming reflection in the oval mirror.

What she saw there must have pleased her capricious fancy, for she smiled and nodded and sparkled at herself. At last, she changed to a street gown, and walked down to the drug store.

At six o'clock that evening Jack Fenby brought Lance Freeman home. Eliza, the trim parlor maid, wore a stunned look on her round face.

"Miss Betty is in the drawing room," she announced with a toss of her head.

Jack ushered his big, bronzed friend from the tropics into the soft lighted room where Betty and Isabella Drew were sitting before the fire.

Betty rose and came forward with outstretched hand. She saw a tall, broad-shouldered young man with keen gray eyes that seemed to probe the depths of her heart and soul and come away disappointed, finding evident relief in Isabella Drew's girlish simplicity. The newcomer's evident dismay and disapproval of her own charms—a dismay that his straightforward nature could not then conceal—struck a pang to Betty's heart.

Lance Freeman, eagerly anticipating this meeting with the adored sister of his classmate, saw a slender, golden-haired girl in a tight-fitting black satin frock, her feet incased in absurdly high-heeled slippers, her golden hair twisted into the latest mode atop her small head, her blue eyes wide and shallow looking in their baby stare, her face carefully powdered and rouged, eyebrows pencilled, lips skillfully tinted, pearls in her ears and encircling her white throat.

A very much painted and powdered, bearded, showy and altogether shoddy-looking young woman—such was Lance Freeman's hasty estimate of his friend's sister.

Isabella Drew made a perfect foil for Betty. Jack wondered dazedly if the simplicity of Isabella's attire was studied and if she was in collusion with his mischievous sister to shock Lance Freeman.

"Betty!" he gasped indignantly.

"Jack!" she warned, giving Lance a limp hand. "I am so glad to see you at last, Mr. Freeman. Jack has talked a lot about you."

"Mother left word that you are to make the Oaks your headquarters while you are North."

"You are all most kind," murmured Lance, staring at the powdered little beauty, who smiled insipidly.

As the two young men dressed for dinner they talked of Lance's life in the Canal zone, of his brilliant prospects for the future, of Jack's first law case, which had been a triumph for the junior member of his father's firm, and when Lance observed that there was a strong family likeness between Jack and his sister, Jack hastily changed the subject.

Lance was ready first and he came into Jack's room and examined the photographs on the mantelpiece. One framed portrait he regarded with narrowed eyes.

It was Betty's latest photograph, the picture of a charming, merry-eyed girl in a soft, white gown, her simply dressed hair waving away from her broad, low forehead. It was a sweet, thoughtful face, very unlike the painted, shallow countenance of the Betty he had met half an hour ago.

"Is this your other sister?" he asked curiously.

"You've met my only sister," muttered Jack glumly.

"Hum!" said Lance perplexedly.

Jack glowed resentfully. "And she takes a diabolical delight in turning the tables on a fellow."

A queer gleam came into Lance's eyes, but he made no response.

During the dinner that followed Jack devoted himself to Isabella and left Lance to Betty's tender mercies. The man from Panama had to admit that Jack's sister was clever, even brilliant, in spite of her shallow appearance, and while they conversed, chiefly about life at the isthmus, to which he was soon to return, Lance was studying Betty closely, trying to trace some likeness to the unaffected girl of the portrait upstairs in Jack's room.

And Betty? Beneath her masquerade of paint and powder and her mother's pearl necklace, she was raging at herself. Never had she been so attracted to any man as to Lance Freeman, and she read only amused contempt in his steady glance. She had always been used to the unequalled admiration of her brother's friends, and Lance was his most particular chum. She was ready to cry with vexation when the meal was over.

Why, she asked herself, had she taken it into her silly head to flout a plain man who hated powder and paint on his woman folks? Why blame him because he wanted them to be as fresh and clean skinned as himself—as frank and unassuming as he was?

And naturally Betty was all these things herself. Therein lay the tragedy.

In the drawing room Isabella played and sang for them, and presently Lance asked Betty to show him Mr. Fenby's famous collection of orchids.

Among the orchids in the conservatory, he told her about the beautiful black orchid which he had seen in one of the jungle swamps of the isthmus and how he could go to the very tree to which the parasitic blossom clung.

"Perhaps your father would like one—I will try to get some and send them up by a trusty messenger," he offered.

Betty agreed that her father would be delighted, and then followed a delightful half hour during which she animatedly told him how her father had acquired many of his specimens, and she displayed such a knowledge of the subject and so entirely forgot the part she was playing that Lance found his heart slipping from his keeping.

They were standing near the fountain and Betty was dipping her fingers in the water, where goldfish darted to and fro.

Lance regarded her thoughtfully.

"I'm wondering why you took the trouble to disguise yourself under the paint and powder of a circus woman," he remarked curiously.

"Sir!" thrilled Betty, trying to withhold him with a glance, but crumpling miserably beneath his scorn. She tried to hate him for his brutal frankness, his lack of polish. "Please take me back to my brother."

"In a moment," he agreed gruffly.

"I—I was hoping you'd wash your face first!" he blurted out.

"Wash my face?" stammered Betty.

He nodded and gave her a snowy handkerchief. "Please, do," he urged, but it sounded like a command, and Betty, having met her master, meekly obeyed.

She held a corner of the handkerchief under the fountain spray and scrubbed the paint and powder from face and lips and brows. When she had emerged, her perfect skin, pink and blooming from the friction, she looked demurely at him.

"Well!" she smiled.

"And please shut out your hair the way it is in that lovely picture in Jack's room. There! You don't look so confoundingly sophisticated. Thank you, Miss Betty, you are a brick!" he ended enthusiastically, as she removed the earrings.

"A brick," dimpled Betty, as he tucked the damp and smeared handkerchief in his pocket.

When they returned to the drawing room Isabella was telling Jack a story that brought reluctant mirth in its train.

"Here comes the little imp now," he murmured, as she entered with Lance. "Well, Betty, I'm glad you've emerged from your war paint," he ended in a burst of brotherly frankness. "Where did you raise that black satin horror?"

"Cousin Daisy left it here last year; isn't it awful?" she confided.

Hours later, in her own room, Betty dropped her newly-purchased rouge pots into the waste-paper basket. Then she relaxed into dreamy inactivity.

"Oh, most adorable of men," she sighed at last. "I'm so glad you don't like paint and powder combined with pearls—I detest 'em myself—and even if I did like them I would—no—I shall not tell even you"—nodding at her adorably blushing reflection in the glass—"what I am thinking about now!"

No Self-Starter.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Gadders. Mr. Gadders broke his arm while cranking up our automobile this morning."

"Don't worry," said her friend in a soothing tone. "A broken arm is not serious, and Mr. Gadders will soon get well."

"It isn't that," wailed Mrs. Gadders. "The news will get into the papers and then everybody will know that our car is not a late model."

Philosophically Considered.

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!" said the girl.

"Well," replied the young man who takes everything seriously, "if I were the last man on earth I'd be mourning so many friends and relatives that I don't suppose I'd feel much like taking part in a wedding any more."

Stop Those Pains.

Copper Hill, Va.—Mrs. Ida Conner, of this place, says: "For years, I had a pain in my right side, and was very sick with womanly troubles. I tried different doctors but could get no relief. I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I took Cardui, and it relieved the pain in my side, and now I feel like a new person. It is a wonderful medicine." Many women are completely worn-out and discouraged on account of some womanly trouble. Are you? Take Cardui, the woman's tonic. Its record shows that it will help you. Why wait? Try it today. Ask your druggist about it.—Advertisement.

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Spring chicken each.....	30c
Eggs per dozen.....	30c
Butter per pound.....	35c
Country hams, large, pound.....	21c
Country hams, small, pound.....	22c
Lard, pure leaf, pound.....	15c
Lard, compound, 8 pounds.....	\$1.00
Cabbage, per pound.....	23c
Sweet potatoes.....	25c per peck
Irish potatoes.....	25c per peck
Lemons, per dozen.....	25c
Cheese, cream, per lb.....	25c
Cheese, Swiss, per lb.....	30c
Home-grown apples, peck.....	25c
Sugar, 15 pounds.....	\$1.00
Flour, 24-lb. sack.....	95c
Cornmeal, bushel.....	\$1.10
Oranges, per dozen.....	50c to 60c
Apples dozen.....	15c to 20c

Preferred Locals

Smithson Water delivered Tuesdays and Saturdays. Phone 633-1. Advertisement.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476. Advertisement.

Good morning! Have you seen The Courier? Evansville's best paper. Advertisement.

Largest display of blooming potted plants ever known or seen in the city. Holly in wreaths and loose. Cut flowers of all kinds for Christmas at T. L. METCALFE, Florist, 7th & Liberty.

For Rent.

Cottage on West 17th street, bath and electric lights. CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

Public Sale.

At Blakey farm on Canton pike Dec. 29, 10 a. m. Mules, colts, cattle and farming implements.

Pianos.

J. W. Lawson, the piano man, sells the Kohler & Campbell and other makes. Now on hand a slightly used upright for the balance due of \$89.44. Easy terms.

For Sale

Four H. P. Gasoline tank cooled International engine, in good condition, at a very low price. May be seen at PLANTERS HDW. CO. Incorporated. Advertisement.

Tax Delinquents.

An extra penalty of \$1 for advertising and six per cent. in addition will be added to all state and county taxes not paid by January 1. This makes a total penalty of twelve per cent plus \$1. JEWELL SMITH, S. C. C.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Hopkinsville, Ky., for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held in the office of the Bank on the second Tuesday in January, 1916, between the hours 10 o'clock a. m. and 12 o'clock m.

BAILEY RUSSELL, Cashier.

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GOOD ROADS

IMPROVE ROADS BY DRAINAGE

One of the Most Important Matters to Be Considered in Construction of Public Highways.

(By E. L. GATES, Illinois.)

When it comes to building roads there are a good many problems to solve and not easy ones at that. Riding along in an auto it is easy enough to say when you strike a smooth stretch, "this is fine," and turn on a little more gas, but when you hit a mudhole and ruts you may get your foot on the wrong pedal and the road commission catches it.

It takes labor, time, good material and money to have good roads. Everyone wants the roads, so we will all have to work and spend some of our time and money and boost for better roads.

One of the things most needed is better drainage for the roads as well as for the farms and at this time we will confine this article to the subject of drainage.

Drainage is the most important matter to be considered in the construction of roads. Drainage alone will often change a bad road into a good one while the best stone road may be destroyed from a lack of proper drainage.

There are three systems of drainage that we can use to advantage, and these are underdrainage, side ditches and surface drainage.

Where water stands on a road underdrainage without any grading is better than grading without underdrainage. Underdrainage is not to remove simply the surface water but its greatest help is to lower the water level in the soil.

The action of the sun and wind will finally dry the surface of the road but if the foundation is wet and soft the wheels will wear ruts and these get filled with water during the first rains and the road becomes a sticky mass.

An undrained soil is a poor foundation upon which to build roads as well as anything else. When frost is leaving the ground the thawing is quite as much from the bottom as from the top. If underdrainage is provided the water is immediately removed.

The best and cheapest method to secure underdrainage is to lay a line of farm drain tile on one or both sides of the road. The new road law gives the highway commissioners power to contract with adjoining property owners to lay larger tile than is necessary to drain the road and to permit the contracting parties to drain their lands. This helps the roads and at the same time is a great benefit to the adjoining land.

Side ditches are necessary to all roads but no road can be maintained with the ditch holding the water until it evaporates. In most cases it is cheaper to get the water away from the road than to try to lift the road out of it.

Sometimes roads on the hillsides are left without side ditches. This is a mistake, for if any road needs a ditch it is the one on a hillside, for where there are no ditches the water runs along the middle of the road and wears gullies and as we all know, makes a bad road.

The roads should be so crowned that water can reach the tile or ditches. If all ruts and mudholes are filled, the water will have a better chance to run off. There are several machines made to keep the roads in shape and these need to be used often and at the right time. It is not necessary to spend half a day in trying to get hold of a road commissioner to help open a culvert or let the water out of a hole in the road. Better spend the time in doing it yourself and you will feel better and your neighbor will thank you.



Well-Drained Road in Illinois.

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Arteries of Community.

Improved public roads are directly related to better country homes and schools, to the reach and influence of country churches, to the timely market centers. They are the arteries of organized community life.—Home and Fireside.

Road Drags for Upkeep.

The road drag is not an equipment for constructing roads, but it is intended for upkeep. It should not move any large quantity of earth, but takes a small amount of wet earth to or away from the center of the road. It is important to remember that the road drag does not build roads, but helps to keep them in repair.

Using Taxpayers' Money.

There is no better way to use the taxpayers' money than by draining our roads.

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